

THE BOURBON NEWS.

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WALTER CHAMP, Editor and Owner
BRUCE MILLER, Editor and Owners

THE STORY OF PUD.

True Tale of a Filly That Showed
Her Affection Most Effectively.She Played Hide and Seek—When
Her Master Was Hurt She Called
for Help and Licked
His Face.

[Copyright, 1897.]

"Pud" was the first piece of horse-flesh I ever owned, and I am sorry to say, the last, also. My life since parting with her has been cast in city ways, where only the rich can afford to own horseflesh.

Pud was given to me when she was only a "yearling," and I was 13. I thought then, as I think now, that no more beautiful filly ever stood on four feet. I did not know then, as I did later, that she was made my property simply because her owner, my uncle, thought she would never become much more than a pony in size, and that consequently she could never be of much use on the farm; but when I found this out it only increased my regard for the pretty little beast. Before she was old enough to be of any real service she had won as firm a place in my affections as any animal could possibly hold, while her attachment for her young owner, I am proud to say, was practically unbounded.

During all her early years she lived the freest sort of life. In the warm weather she roamed at will over the knolly expanse of the "30-acre pasture" on my uncle's farm; in the winter she had the run of the straw-stacked barnyard, when the weather was not too severe, and was warmly housed when storm or unusual cold came on.

As she grew older her beauty in-

creased. She was of a dark, deep brown color, and her fine coat glistened in the sunshine even without grooming. Her chest was full, her neck arched, her head small, her eyes wide apart and her ears small and sensitive. Her legs were trim and clean-jointed, and her hoofs pointed straight to the front. Her temper, as revealed to me, was fine and even; to old Simon, my uncle's "yearling hand," she seemed the very essence of evil, for she could not bear to have him near her, and on the only occasion that she ventured to disregard her evident dislike she placed the imprint of two clean and dainty hoofs squarely on his chest. After that everyone avoided Pud's heels, and her general reputation was bad.

But to me she was all gentleness. Possibly this was partly because I never failed to furnish her with an apple, a lump of sugar or a "nubb'n' o' corn" when I visited her, in pasture, farmyard or stable. In time she came to know my whistle so well that she would come from as far away as I could make her hear the call, even if she had to jump a six-rail fence to reach me.

Sometimes, in the long summer vacation, I would pass hours with her in the 30-acre pasture, and then she would follow me about wherever I went. I was rather an indolent boy, I'm afraid, and I liked to spend my time reading Dickens and Thackeray and Eggleston under the shade by the brook in the big pasture, to the great despair of my uncle. My readings were often varied by desultory and untrained attempts to make free-hand sketches of my pet filly and the graceful elms that dotted the feeding ground of my uncle's stock, and when I was reading or sketching there, Pud was always near.

Sometimes she would feed quietly for a half hour, and then stretch her muscles and amuse me hugely by kicking up her heels and racing in a circle around me. Sometimes after a refreshing bit of exercise like this, she would lie down near by for a quiet sleep. Once, when she was sleeping, I slipped silently away to a distant part of the field, where I hid behind a tree and whistled for her to come. At the first note, almost, she opened her eyes, pricked up her ears, and came bounding in my direction.

After a bit she stopped and whinnied, but the second whistle was enough, and she made an air line to the tree. When she had found me, she insisted, by nosing about my pockets, on another lump of sugar. Fortunately I was able to supply her with the dainty, and she had no occasion to lose faith in her owner.

Once I fell asleep myself in the shade of an elm and slept longer than Pud liked to have me, and then she did not hesitate to waken me exactly as a pet dog would have done, by licking my face. When I awoke she seemed delighted, and gave me a fine exhibition of her running and jumping powers.

When Pud was four and I was 16, it was decided that she should be broken in. My uncle was in favor of putting her in charge of a disciple of Prof. Rarey, whose formula, "first fear, then love, then obedience," is so familiar to most horsemen. To this programme I would not consent, for I had seen the Rareyizing of horses and knew that it included much use of the whip, the throwing of the poor brute after it had been rendered helpless by a complicated rope harness, and so on. Finally I got my uncle's permission to break Pud to the saddle myself. I was to go to an academy or preparatory school at the county seat, some six miles away from home, that winter, and was to ride Pud between the farm and the school. I succeeded perfectly in training her to carry me on her back, though it is hardly correct to say I "broke" her. She really needed no breaking, as I knew in advance. I had often ridden her bareback around the pasture without bridle or even halter, and she soon got used to the saddle and girth under my tuition. All that winter she carried me faithfully to and from school, and after the journey had been made two or three times, no guiding pressure whatever was needed on the bit. She knew the road as well as I, and she kept it without suggestion from me.

We lived so far north in one of the middle states that there was a good

deal of snow every winter, and the roads drifted full in some places. Pud proved to be an excellent snow climber when there were drifts, and when they grew too deep to go through and were too soft to go over she would jump my ordinary fence and make a detour round the drifted place through the fields. Only once did we meet with an accident, and then the pretty filly showed her affection for her rider in the most charming fashion.

It was in early spring, and there was a bit of ice at a sharp turn in the road, which had been covered with mud and so was not apparent to the eye. We were a little late in getting to school that morning, and Pud was running with quick, joyous leaps and making great time. I was sitting easily with my hand on the pommel of the saddle and the reins hanging loose, when her feet, which were not sharp shod for icy roads, struck the mud concealing the little stretch of hard-frozen water. Quick as a flash all four feet went from under her and she came down on her side. I remained in the saddle, but my left leg was caught under the filly. She slid prostrate some six or eight feet, carrying me with her. Fortunately, I had slipped my feet from the stirrups as we fell, and when she picked herself up I was disentangled, though badly bruised and quite unconscious.

When I came to she was licking my face, as she had once before, and the passing farmer who helped me to my feet said she had alternated her caresses with loud whinnying, as if to call for help.

It was only a little later that my uncle suddenly sickened and died, and his big farm and all the stock thereon, including Pud, had to be sold in settlement of his business, while I had to give up my dream of preparing for college and set out for the city to seek some sort of clerical work by which to earn my own living.

Poor Pud was sold to a country butcher for a mere song and harnessed between the shafts of a meat cart. Her fine nature rebelled against her occupation; she turned balky and was called vicious, and the butcher "swapped" her to a horse jockey. I never knew her ultimate fate.

CHARLES APPLEBEE.

SLAVONIAN LAUNDERING.

Handle a Clumsy Log Propelled by
Frail Women.

There was once a girl who, as an old song put it, "sold her old mangle and bought a planner," but she lived in England, not in the southeastern part of Europe, so it is probable that her mangle was less primitive than the queer instruments of torture still in use by the women of Slavonia and Serbia and its operation a less heavy task.

Slavonia is in Austria, or rather in the extreme south of Hungary, but nearly all its people are Serbian. Its plains stretch for miles in an endless expanse of perfectly flat country. Its mud is fathomless. Its women's daily task of scouring and fighting against the dirt that the "men folks" bring in from out-of-doors on their shoes is never done. Between times there is the mangle.

This is a stout plank about seven feet long, raised to a height of two feet upon rough-hewn logs. The middle of the plank is gripped by a framework rising from the floor to a height of five feet, with three great beams running across it, the whole fastened together with pegs. Upon the plank are laid two rollers and on these rests a half log of wood just fitting between the sides of the frame. This weight is smooth on its under surface, rough-hewn above and is provided at each end with three pegs which serve as handles.

The ironer, when ready to begin, takes a sheet, for instance, winds it tightly around one of the rollers and puts an old ironing cloth around the outside. Then, lifting one end of the log and placing the roller under it, she works the weight to and fro until all the wrinkles are presumably smoothed away. Then the sheet is removed, folded and put away and the next "ironing"—perhaps another sheet or three or four towels, or half a dozen handkerchiefs—substituted. The second roller acts merely to balance the log, although two ironers can work the machine, one at each end. As for "starched things," they are another story—not yet published in rural Slavonia.

The woman who irons is as picturesque as her tools when she wears her Slavonian peasant costume. Her shoes are flat and fearless; she has no stockings, but winds linen about her ankles and binds it in place with thongs, leaving a space of two inches or so bare below the edge of her kilted skirt of coarse, undyed linen. Her yellow sheepskin jacket is ornamented with patches of red and purple leather, quilted with bright yarns, and her head is covered with a gaudy kerchief. Almost as often, however, she is stripped of her finery, except on Sundays, and wears at her work clothing of western Europe's unattractive work-a-day pattern.—Rock Island Union.

PICTURESQUE AND LIVELY.

Buda-Pesth Still Like a Fortified City
the Middle Ages.

Buda-Pesth, as everybody knows, is formed of two cities, separated by the Danube, and joined together like New York and Brooklyn by great bridges. Buda is a city hundreds of years old, and rises on a great hill covered with yellow houses with red-tiled roofs, and surrounded by fortresses and ancient German-looking castles, and the palace of the king, with terraces of marble and green gardens running down to meet the river. It still is a picturesque, fortified city of the middle ages.

Pesth, just across the way, is the most modern city in Europe; more modern than Paris, better paved and better lighted; with better facilities for rapid transit than New York, and with houses of parliament as massive and impressive as those on the banks of the Thames, and not unlike them in appearance. Pesth is the Yankee city of the old world, just as the Hungarians are called the Americans of Europe. It has grown in 40 years, and it has sacrificed neither beauty of space nor life in growing.

It has magnificent public gardens, as well as a complete fire department; it has the best club in the world, the Park club; and it has found time to put electric tramways under ground and to rear monuments to poets, orators and patriots above ground. People in Berlin and Vienna tell you that some day all of these things will disappear and go to pieces, that Pesth is enjoying a "boom," and that the boom will pass and leave only the buildings and electric plants and the car tracks, with no money in the treasury to make the wheels go round. I do not know whether this is, or is not, to be, but let us hope it is only the envy and uncharitableness of the Austrian and German mind that sees nothing in progress but disaster, and makes advancement spell ruin. People who live in a city where one is asked to show his passport, a certificate of good health, a police permit and a residence card in order to be allowed to mount a bicycle, as I was asked to do in Berlin, can hardly be expected to look with favor on their restless, ambitious young neighbors of the Balkans.—Scribner.

Why She Didn't.

They were discussing the robbery of an adjoining flat.

"I saw the robber myself," said the one in gray.

"You saw him!" exclaimed the one in dark brown.

"Yes, I saw him from my window rummaging around in the dining-room while Mrs. Blifkins was busy in the front of the house."

"Was there no way that you could notify her?"

"Yes, I might have run over and called her attention to it, I suppose, but I couldn't exactly bring myself to do it. You see, I called last and it's her turn to call on me."—Chicago Post.

Declined with Thanks.

He—Do you think marriages are made in Heaven?

She—Well, I don't know; but I guess yours will have to be if you ever get married.

People who saw him one minute later thought that he was trying to catch a train.—Cleveland Leader.

OLD EDINBURGH.

The Scotch City at the Close of the
Last Century.

The Edinburgh of the early years of George III. was very different from the prim, regular spic-and-span, reputable city of to-day. It was still mainly hemmed within the Flodden wall, hastily thrown up after the defeat as a defense against English invasion. Thus, it consisted of High street on the steep ridge to the Castle rock; of the Cowgate in the hollow to the south; of the narrow and tortuous wynds and vennels running up to High street on one side, and on the other down to the edge of the Nor' Loch; of the Grass market; and, beyond the ancient limit, of the Canon-gate, which continues the main thoroughfare down to Holyrood. Some 6,000 dwellers were squeezed into these narrow (one by one and a quarter miles) limits.

The town grew upward, not outward. The houses were high "lands," from six to ten stories high, where poor folk huddled at the top, while the wealthier citizens dwelt below. Scarcely a room in the city but held its open or concealed bed. Sanitary arrangements were conspicuous, even for that era, by their primitive rudeness. Water was scarce, and was laboriously carried up those endless stairs on the backs of caddies, as the curious and distinctive class of water bearers (though the title was not theirs alone) was called. But slops, house refuse, filthy bits of all sorts, were hurled on the street. "Gardy-loo" (a corruption, the learned affirm, of Gare a leau), yelled the housewife into the night as she stood at her lattice high, the odoriferous bucket poised in her hand. And, when that voice from the clouds smote the ear of the belated wayfarer, how it sped his lagging steps! "Hand your han, guidwife, till I win by," was his piteous entreaty. All too often the splash "froze his swift speech with sorrow and amaze," and he needs must stagger onward, an unsavory admonition of the need for wary walking.

The streets were horribly unclean. They were scavenged by pigs unhindered save by frolicsome children, who, mounting their backs, drove them hither and thither despite their shrill protestings. The stranger scoffed, but the citizen was unmoved. "The clartier the cosier" was an apothem oft in his mouth. A sagacious burgher permanently enriched his lands by carting thereto a quantity of street scourings, so potent was the compost. The upper stories of the houses overlapped, and, as the closes at the bottom were far from being broad, aloft the opposing mansions almost touched; thus the rooms were imperfectly lighted, and a continuous twilight mantled the universal disarray.

The ways of life were simple. Two o'clock was the favorite dinner hour. Supper, the great social meal, was often taken out of doors. The tavern was the sole meeting place. In the tavern business was done by day. Nearly everybody drank too much, washed too little, swore horribly and lived roughly. And some made long prayers which changed their habit no whit. Despite it all, Old Edinburgh was an amusing place. Life was anything but dull; everybody knew everybody else; there was much good fellowship; there were the best of claret, the best of talk, and the best of stories. The pathetic and heroic memories of the place, its superb position and surroundings, kindled the imagination. There was an old and famous aristocracy, whose very names were instinct with romance. Moreover, there was high breeding; there was learning; there was genius; for in that strange city, during the second half of last century, lived men who have profoundly influenced the thought and literature of the world.—New Review.

EUROPE'S ELECTRIC CARS.

Mileage of 500 in 1895 is Increasing—
Chance for Americans.

Money and material for a street railway is wanted in Catania, seaport of 120,000 people, at the foot of Mount Etna. Catania has no street railways, using hacks instead. The suburban town of Ognina, where, in spring, summer and fall, many of Catania's inhabitants spend a few months in cottages, going to the city daily to attend to business, would be a source of revenue to a street railway. Two projects are forming. One is to interest Belgian capitalists—which would mean Belgian material. The other is proposed by a milling firm, which would use the waste horse power of their mill to generate electricity. This firm would buy dynamos, wires, poles, rails and ten cars to start with. American bids would be received upon equal footing with the rest.

Electric railways are gaining ground in Europe, though not as fast as in the United States. Yet these figures appear absurdly small. In all Europe the total electric railway mileage in 1895—the latest obtainable statistics—was only 500 miles, an increase of 125 miles over 1894, and an increase in the number of lines from 70 to 111. Germany has 252 miles, France 82, Great Britain and Ireland 66, Austria-Hungary 44, Switzerland 47, Italy 24, and other countries from six miles down.

Of the 111 lines, 91 are worked on the overhead surface system, 12 on the underground system, and eight by means of accumulators. Hamburg and Leipzig have their electric railway systems nearly completed, and Berlin is about to give up the horse tramway and omnibus service for electric cars.—N. Y. Press.

Hard on Dudley.

Nellie Chaffie—Why, Mr. Canesucker, what has caused the change in your appearance?

Dudley Canesucker—I presume it's my glauces, docher know. I've begun to weath them.

"Well, you should always wear them. You've no idea how intelligent they make you look. I scarce'y knew you."—Tammany Times.

GEO. W. DAVIS,

DEALER IN

Furniture, Window Shades, Oil
Cloths, Carpets, Mattresses,
Etc.Special attention given to Undertak-
ing and Repairing.

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Fire, Wind and Storm
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THE VERY BEST.

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LEXINGTON, KY.

JAMES CONNORS, - - - - - Proprietor.

Rates, \$2 And \$2.50 Per Day.

One hundred good rooms. Electric
lights, hot and cold baths, barber shop
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TREES! TREES!

FALL 1896.

FULL stock of Fruit and Ornamental
Trees, Grape Vines, Small Fruits,
Asparagus and everything for the
Orchard, Lawn and Garden. We em-
ploy no agents. Try us on prices and
see the difference between those of a
grower and dealer. Catalogue on ap-
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H. F. HILLENMEYER,

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Lexington, Ky.



Do not be deceived by alluring advertisements and
think you can get the best made, finest finish and
most popular sewing machine
for mere song. Buy from reliable manufacturers
that have gained a reputation by honest and square
deals. There is none in the world that is so good
in mechanical construction, durability of working
parts, finish, beauty in appearance, or has
so many improvements as the NEW HOME.

WRITE FOR CIRCULARS.

The New Home Sewing Machine Co.
CHICAGO, ILL. ST. LOUIS, MO. DALLAS, TEXAS.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. ATLANTA, GA.

FOR SALE BY

COOK & WINN, Paris, Ky.

U. S. REVENUE STAMPS WANTED

T. L. Green, County Clerk, Mt. Olive, Ky.

I want to buy for cash the following U. S.
Revenue stamps, either canceled or uncanceled, at
the prices annexed when stamps are sent in
good condition:

1 cent Express, red, imperforate.....	5 cents
1 cent Express, red, part perforate.....	5 cents
1 cent Playing cards, red, imperforate.....	50 cents
1 cent Playing cards, red, part perforate.....	30 cents
1 cent Proprietary, red, part perforate.....	10 cents
1 cent Telegraph, red, imperforate.....	30 cents
1 cent Bank Check, blue, part perforate.....	5 cents
2 cent Certificate, blue, imperforate.....	5 cents
2 cent Certificate, blue, full perforate.....	10 cents
2 cent Certificate, orange, full perforate.....	10 cents
2 cent Express, blue, imperforate.....	5 cents
2 cent Express, blue, part perforate.....	10 cents
2 cent Playing cards, blue, imperforate.....	50 cents
2 cent Playing cards, orange.....	10 cents
2 cent Proprietary, blue, imperforate.....	15 cents
2 cent Proprietary, blue, part perforate.....	15 cents
3 cent Proprietary, orange, full perforate.....	15 cents
3 cent Playing card, green, imperforate.....	25 cents
3 cent playing card, green, full perforate.....	20 cents
3 cent Telegraph, green, imperforate.....	10 cents
4 cent Playing card, violet, perforate.....	50 cents
4 cent Proprietary, violet, part perforate.....	10 cents
5 cent Proprietary, orange, perforate.....	50 cents
5 cent Playing card, red, perforate.....	10 cents
5 cent Proprietary, perforate.....	10 cents
10 cent Bill of Lading, blue, imperforate.....	15 cents
10 cent Bill of Lading, blue, part perforate.....	15 cents
20 cent Bond, imperforate.....	40 cents
40 cent Inland Exchange, imperforate.....	70 cents
50 cent Probate of Will, imperforate.....	81 25
70 cent Foreign exchange, green, imperforate.....	125 cents
81 Life Insurance, imperforate.....	21 10
81 Manifest, imperforate.....	21 10
81 Mortgage, full perforate.....	31 25
100 Passage Ticket, imperforate.....	1 50
130 Foreign exchange, orange, imperforate.....	3 00
150 Foreign Exchange, maroon.....	4 00
350 Inland Exchange, imperforate.....	5 00
500 Probate of Will, imperforate.....	7 00
20 00 Probate of Will, imperforate.....	30 00
10 Blue and Black.....	1 50
60 Blue and Black.....	2 00
5 cent Black and Green, proprietary.....	5 cents
5 cent Black and Green, proprietary.....	5 cents
10 cent Black and Green, proprietary.....	5 00
50 cent Black and Green, proprietary.....	5 00
100 Black and Green, proprietary.....	15 00

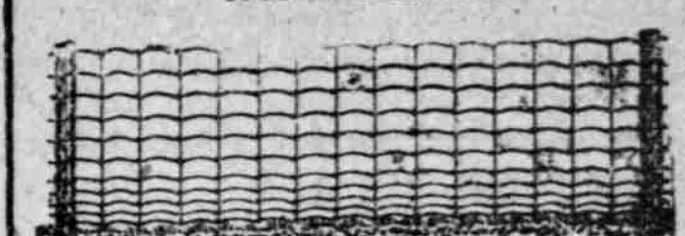
I also wish to buy old canceled postage
stamps and stamped envelopes of any and all
denominations from 1880 to 1875, for which I
will pay liberal prices. Address
T. L. GREEN, County Clerk,
Mt. Olive, Ky.

NOTE—The above named stamps can be
found on Deeds, Mortgages, Notes, Receipts,
Agreements, Bank Checks, etc., from 1861
to 1875, also on Proprietary Medicines,
Matches, etc.

The foregoing offer is genuine—made in
good faith, and will be carried out to the let-
ter in every instance, but we want you to receive the
stamps I have mentioned in good order.
Reference—Mt. Olive Deposit Bank or any
official of Robertson county.

T. L. GREEN, County Clerk.

THE

PAGE COILED SPRING WOVEN
WIRE FENCE.MILLER & COLLINS, Agents,
PARIS, KENTUCKY.

This is a smooth fence that will turn
any kind of stock. It is made from the
best hard steel drawn specially for the
purpose.

HOW IT IS MADE.

The large steel wires forming the
horizontal bars are first coiled around a
3 inch rod, thus practically becoming
COILED SPRINGS their entire length.
These are securely tied together by 10
cross bars to the rod. The cross bars
are best quality of annealed wire
(galvanized), wrapped three times
around each horizontal bar.

ITS ADVANTAGES.

Being a SELF REGULATOR it is ALWAYS
ready for business, slacks up for 30
below as cheerfully as it takes a new
grip for 90 in the shade, gently, but
firmly persuades a runaway team to
reconsider its action. An unruly bull
is safe as a canary in its cage; it saith
unto the festive hog, "thus far shalt
thou go." The fierce wind and drifting
snow pass by and it heeds them not.
There is no terror in the locomotive
spark. The trespasser is not led into
temptation, and the rail stealer's "oc-
cupation is gone." The hired man and
the lagging tramp, alike scorn it proffered
shade. Like the model housewife,
when well supported, it is always neat
and tidy.

THREE POSTS TO THE 100 FEET.

Economy is not our sole object in
placing posts for farm fence at the un-
usual distance of 20 to 30 feet apart.
Farmers say, "the closer the posts the
better the fence." That may apply to
common fences, but depending largely
on its elasticity we PREFER the long
panel. For cemeteries, lawns, yards,
etc., they should of course be nearer, 12
to 20 feet is not objectionable.

We have completed (and are now
building) a lot of this fence for Bourbon
farmers and you can examine into its
merits for yourself.

Estimates cheerfully furnished. You
may put up the posts and we will build
the fence, or we will contract to do the
whole job. If you are needing any
fence, see us. We will save you money
and still build you the best fence made.

Respectfully,

MILLER & COLLINS,

PARIS, KY.

The Page Wire Fence in Bourbon.

MILLERSBURG, KY., May 4, '96.
MESSRS. MILLER & COLLINS, Agents,
Paris, Kentucky.

Gentlemen:—I have had the Page
Woven Wire Fence on my farm for
about eighteen months and am well
pleased with it. It has proved to be all
that is claimed for it. It turns all kinds
of stock and is as tight as it was the day
it was put up and has stood some severe
tests. A horse of one of my neighbors
fell across the fence a few months ago
but was not taken off for several hours
but when taken off the fence went back
to its place all right with the exception
of a few staples. During the storm of
April 24th a good-sized tree was blown
across the fence and bent it down to the
ground. As soon as the tree was cast
off the fence went up all right and was
as good as ever with the exception of
one broken wire and a few staples out
of place.

I am so well pleased with the fence
that I am going to put up more of it
right away. Respectfully,
(5my-ty) WM. BECRAFT.

LOCUST POSTS.

We are prepared to furnish (at re-
asonable prices) locust posts by the car-
load. Delivered at your nearest rail-
road station.

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CLOTHES CLEANED & REPAIRED.

WE have employed a first-class,
experienced tailor to take charge
of our cleaning, repairing and pressing
department. Work done on short
notice. Our prices are lower than
others and we will do your work right.

PARIS FURNISHING AND TAILORING CO.

H. S. STOUT, Manager.

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W. W. DUDLEY & CO.,

BILL POSTERS,

PARIS, KY.

All Kinds of Posting, Distributing, Etc.,
Promptly Attended To.

TOWN LOT FOR SALE.

A 42x110-foot lot, in Williams' ad-
dition, well located. Will be sold
at low price on four payments—one
fourth cash, balance in three equal pay-
ments at six, twelve and eighteen
months. Address, "L. L." care THE